THE

SCHOOL-BOY:

OR, THE

COMICAL RIVAL.

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A

FARCE of TWO ACTS.

Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

BY

His MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by C. CIBBER, Esq;

LONDON:

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M.DCC.XXXVI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Dramatis Personæ.

Major Rackett, an old, humorous Man,	Mr. Powderham.
Young Rackett, his Son,	
Father Devout, a French Jesuit,	Mr. Wilkinson.
Tom, Footman to Young Rackett,	Mr. Wilson.

WOMEN.

Lady Mayboy, Mother to Major Rackett,	Mrs. Hopkins.
Lucy, her Maid,	Mrs. Green.
Betty, another Servant,	Mrs. Wilkinson.

SCENE, London.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

MAjor *Rakiſh*, an old, humourſome, wicked Fellow,	Mr. *Penkethman*.
Young *Rakiſh*, his Son, whom he keeps at ſhort Allowance,	Mr. *Mills*.
Friendly, Friend to young *Rakiſh*,	Mr. *Oates*.
Maſter *Johnny*, the School-Boy, a childiſh ſurly Sprig,	Mr. *Cibber*.
Father *Benedict*, a *French* Jeſuit,	Mr. *Williams*.
Tom, Footman to Young *Rakiſh*,	Mr. *Wilſon*.

WOMEN.

Lady *Manlove*, Mother to Maſter *Johnny*,	Mrs. *Baker*.
Lettice, her Maid,	Mrs. *Garnet*.
Betty, another Servant,	Mrs. *Willis*, jun.

SCENE, *London*.

THE SCHOOL-BOY: OR, THE COMICAL RIVAL.

ACT I. SCENE, *The Park.*

Enter Young Rakiſh *and* Friendly, *meeting.*

Young Rakiſh.

DEAR *Friendly!*

Fr. Ha! *Jack Rakiſh!* how goes the World? What ſays the old Spark your Father, does his good Humour hold ſtill?

Y. *Ra.* His Humour's indeed the ſame, tho' I cannot ſay much for the Goodneſs of it.

Fr. How ſo! are not you as free with him, as you us'd to be?

Y. *Ra.* Yes, and he's as free with me too; the Soul of me at leaſt, my Pleaſures I mean; of all the Vices

this Town affords, and (Heaven bleſs the Reformers) there's a pretty conſiderable Stock ſtill leſt, I can't keep one to myſelf for him; he out-does me at my own Weapons; out-drinks me, out-whores me, out-ſwears me, out-lies me, out-wits me, and (which I'll never forgive him) ——he out-lives me too.

Fr. That indeed may be the worſt Part of your Fortune. What, has he not increas'd your Allowance yet?

Y. *Ra.* The Title of it he has, but my Income's much leſs than ever it was.

Fr. How do you mean?

Y. *Ra.* Why, he has oblig'd me, upon making it up Two Hundred Pounds a Year, to play with him every Quarter for Fifty Pounds, at Picquet or Backgammon; both which he underſtands ſo much better than I, that I conſtantly receive my Rent in nothing but Repiques, Capotts, Gamons, and Doublets.

Fr. Why at this Rate, he allows you nothing at all.

Y. *Ra.* Not ſo much as the Deal or the Dice, by *Jupiter*.

Fr. How can you live without Money?

Y. *Ra.* Faith I am heartily weary of it, and was this Minute thinking of a Project to bring him to better Articles.

Fr. Can I aſſiſt you?

Y. *Ra.* I can't tell but you may: You muſt know I am (or may be at leaſt) his Rival in my Lady *Manlove*. She has given me Encouragement, which he is ſometimes very uneaſy at; now I have no Way ſo likely to carry my Point, as by flatly telling him, unleſs he immediately complies, I am poſitively reſolv'd to purſue my Fortune there.

Fr. You could not have thought better; ſtand to it ſtoutly,

ſtoutly, I warrant you bring him down, to the Ready down.

Y. *Ra.* D'ye think ſo? Egad, old Gentleman, look to yourſelf, or I may chance to jump into the Saddle before you. But ſee, here he comes; Ten to One he is now going to viſit her.

Fr. Hark you, ſuppoſe you give me Leave to try his Good-nature firſt; you'll then have a fairer Excuſe for taking his Miſtreſs from him.

Y. *Ra.* With all my Heart: I'll be near enough in the next Walk to over-hear you; but if you can make nothing of him, I'll ev'n attack him myſelf, and come down Point Blank to the Buſineſs.

Fr. Away. [*Exit.*

Enter Major Rakiſh, *ſinging.*

Maj. Toll, toll, dum, dum, *&c.*——Ha! my little *Ned*, how is it?

Fr. At your Service, Major: You're briſk and hearty ſtill, I ſee; how does your Son, pray?

Maj. O! a ſad Dog! the Boy's ruin'd, ſtrip'd, ſtrip'd every Day! The Puppy will play, tho' he knows no more of the Lay than a Milkwoman: Why Yeſterday, now, I paid him 50 *l.* for his Quartridge, I warrant by this Time, the Bubble has not ſo much as a ſingle Guinea to play at Even and Odd with.

Fr. He tells me, that you always ſtrip him, and have oblig'd him to play with you once a Quarter.

Maj. That's true, for if I did not take Care, he would be throwing it away next Minute: So I am forced to oblige him to play with me, tho' I know the Dog would rather any Scoundrel ſhould win it than his Father.

Fr. But this is allowing him nothing in the End, Major.

Maj. Nothing! why don't I pay him conſtantly, every Quarter?

Fr. Ay, but you conſtantly ſtrip him every Quarter: Faith, Major, this Way will but drive him to ſome Extravagance at laſt.

Maj. Extravagance! a Hang-dog! Has not Nature given him a ſtrong Back? Let him live by that, or let him do as I did, turn Beau, and live upon Tick; let him be civil to his Laundreſs, ſay ſoft Things to his Sempſtreſs, help his Taylor to Cuſtom, dine with my Lord *Open-houſe*, bilk his Lodgings, and now and then ſharp a Play in the Side-Box.

Fr. This, I know, he's very often forc'd to do; but I believe he's heartily weary on't; for I heard him ſay lately, he had ſome Thoughts of marrying my Lady *Manlove*: Now, in my Opinion, ſhe wou'd be a much properer Match for you; therefore I would even adviſe you to pay him his Allowance clear, and let him quit his Pretences to her.

Maj. His Pretences, a poor Dog! from what! his Eſtate! Three Shirts, Two Wigs, and a Snuff-Box; does the Nouſe Crown think to frighten me there, I'll try that preſently. I'll viſit her this Minute; the Dog ſhall ſtarve this Twelve-month for his Impudence.

Enter Young Rakiſh.

Y. *Ra* Say you ſo, old Gentleman! Nay, then 'tis time to look about me, Sir.

[*Pulls the Major by the Sleeve.*

Maj. Ha! art thou there, my dear Smock-face?

Y. *Ra.* If you're not in extraordinary Haſte, may I beg the Favour to know whither you're going?

Maj. Why doſt thou ask, my Chicken?

Y. *Ra.* Becauſe, Sir, I have ſome Reaſon to believe it may be to my Lady *Manlove*; therefore I thought fit to inform you, it would not be a very proper time, Sir, for I'm going thither myſelf.

Maj. Adſo, that's true, I hear thou'rt going to marry her.

Y. *Ra.* That's as I ſhall think fit, Sir.

Maj. Hah! haſt thou nothing elſe to ſay to me, my dear *Dacky?*

Y. *Ra.* Sir, if you have any Thoughts of going, in plain Terms I ſhan't care to ſee you there.

Maj. Hah!

Y. *Ra.* For my Buſineſs with her is private.

Maj. Is it?

Y. *Ra.* Therefore your Company will but diſturb us, Sir.

Maj. Diſturb you, ha!

Y. *Ra.* I hear, Sir, you make Pretences there.

Maj. Doſt thou?

Y. *Ra.* And I adviſe you as a Friend, to give them over.

Maj. Say no more, my little *Dacky.* [*Going.*

Y. *Ra.* Sir, I have a great deal more to ſay.

Maj. Say it.

Y. *Ra.* In ſhort, Sir, I find your Good-nature and my Fortune are ſo very low, that I am reſolved to marry her.

Maj. To marry her!——Very good——But upon Condition I will pay thee thy Two Hundred Pounds a Year conſtantly, Tax and Play free, thou art willing to renounce all Claim to her, ha! Is't not ſo, my little *Dacky?* Come, ſpeak, you dear bluſhing Rogue, you, ſpeak.

Y. *Ra.* Look you, Sir, in Conſideration that you are

my Father, and one I would not willingly be a Rival to, make it Four Hundred a Year, and I'll have no more to say to her.

Maj. Four Hundred, my Child! wilt thou 'bate me nothing?

Y. *Ra.* I'm at a Word, Sir.

Maj. At a Word, my little *Dacky!* Nay, then for a quiet Life, do you see, I will give, I will give thee, let me see, what? Oh! the Devil a Groat, my little *Dacky!* bye *Ned*, Toll, Toll. [*Exit singing.*

Fr. Faith, *Jack*, this I confess is provoking; what will you do?

Y. *Ra.* Be reveng'd, and rival him this Moment.

Fr. Can I serve you?

Y. *Ra.* Can you lend me your Lodgings this Afternoon, if a Man shou'd have Occasion for 'em?

Fr. Any thing I have is at your Service.

Y. *Ra.* I thank you, dear *Ned*, Adieu: If I succeed, you shall hear from me.

Fr. Good Luck to you.

Y. *Ra.* Let me see! Here have I Revenge, a good Estate, Marriage, and an old Woman, all together in one Dish. Now to consult my Stomach a little; Revenge is a pretty hollow Bit, that's the Truth on't; and 1500 *l.* a Year is well enough for a starving young Fellow to piddle upon. But then again, Marriage is Hell, and an old Woman is the Devil———Well, and what's a young one? The same, after a Month's Possession. Old, would she were Fourscore, for Egad, upon second Thoughts, when a Man is to be nooses, who the Devil would complain to be tied up in a rotten Halter. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *Lady* Manlove's *House.*

Enter Lettice *and* Betty.

Betty. WELL, *Lettice*, thou liv'ſt in a rare Family here; thou wilt certainly pick up a Fortune, and that's the Thing, you know, that picks up a Husband.

Lett. Nay, I have no Reaſon to complain of my Lady's Humour; for at any time if I have but a Mind to a Suit of Knots, or a Gown of a Week's Wear only, 'tis but commending her Shape or Complexion in a contrary Colour, and the Buſineſs is done.

Bet. And if you have but a warm Intrigue to entertain her with, her Soul's your own.

Lett. Right: Did I never tell you how ſhe ſerved an amorous Book of Major *Rakiſh*'s To-Day?

Bet. No, how was it, prithee?

Lett. You muſt know, he recommended one of *Scarron*'s Novels to her; but withal told her one particular Page in it was a little ſmutty.

Bet. So!

Lett. Upon which ſhe very diſcreetly deſired him to double it down, that ſhe might be ſure to avoid it; but when ſhe return'd the Book, that poor Leaf was more thumb'd and blurr'd, than the Beginning of a School-Boy's Accidence.

Bet. Ha! ha! ha! And no doubt ſhe took as much Pains to get it by Heart. But now you talk of a School-

Boy,

Boy, how ſtands your Affairs with my Lady's Son, Maſter *Johnny*?

Lett. O! in a very fair Way, Child! Tho' he pretends, upon our late Quarrel, to comply with his Mother's Perſuaſion of going to St. *Omers*, (by the Way, I hear ſhe intended to make a Prieſt of him) now I know 'tis only to try whether or no I ſhall be contented to part with him.

Bet. How came you to quarrel with him?

Lett. He happen'd to catch me alone, as I was making his Bed this Morning; his Stomach was up, it ſeems, and the young Gentleman was going to fall to before the Parſon had ſaid Grace; upon which I gave him a Box on the Ear, and vow'd I'd never marry him as long as I liv'd.

Bet. Marry him! Why I thought you had only deſigned to make a Fool of him.

Lett. That's making a Husband of him, I think; but ſee, here he comes, away, dear *Betty*, for now's my only Time to manage him.

Enter Johnny, *and walks by* Lettice *ſcornfully*.

Johnny. Dick! go and ſee if the Horſes be come. What doſt thou dangle after me for?

Lett. Well, Squire, I knew the Time, when you wou'd ha' been glad that I wou'd ha' follow'd you: But I find now you never lov'd me. [*Cries.*

John. It's a Lye! I did love you, ſo I did, Mrs. *Snappiſh*.

Lett. You wou'd not have the Heart to leave me then. Oh! [*Cries.*

John. Remember the back Cloſet up two Pair of Stairs, young Gentlewoman ——— Yaah! You cou'd

ſquall

squall louder then, when I did but offer to see whether you garter'd above Knee or not.

Lett. Why I don't garter above Knee, you may feel here then.

John. What do I care! I won't feel there, I'll do what I please, or else I won't stay.

Lett. No, Squire, you are mistaken in me, I am not such a one neither; I'll die, before I'll be your Whore.

John. And I'll be hang'd before I'll be your Fool; why *Dick*, why dost thou not get Horses ready?

Lett. You shall not leave me then. [*Leans on him.*] If you will stay, I'll be kinder to you; do but try me till To-morrow: I won't cry out no more indeed. You shall tie my Garter where you please, if you won't go.

John. Will you let's buss you then? [*Surlily.*

Lett. Yes, in a civil Way. [*Kisses her.*

John. Well, will you promise to love me now, and be free with a Body?

Lett. I'll love you as long as I live, if you won't leave me. [*Squawls.*

John. Well, well, what do you whawle for?

Lett. I'm sure 'twou'd break my Heart to part with you; pray, dear Squire, don't go. [*Louder.*

John. What do you keep such a Bawling for; I tell you I won't go——Let's buss you again.

Enter Lady Manlove, *unseen.*

L. *Man.* What's here? My young Rogue, and that impudent Quean in close Conference. I'll observe them.

John. But will you promise to marry me To-Day if I won't go.

L. *Man.*

L. *Man.* So! [*Aside.*

Lett. Marry you, ay, poor Fool, you may be ſure on't. [*Aſide.*] But won't you forſake me then, and uſe me ill.

Joh. I tell you, I wont uſe you ill, you Fool you.

L. *Man.* O! I han't Patience. Why, how now, Sirrah! What are you doing there? and you, Mrs. *Flirt*, I'll teach you to debauch my Son, I will, you ſtinking Jade you. [*Slaps her.*

Joh. What do you ſtrike her for, Mother? what do you ſtrike her for? you ſhan't ſtrike her no more. [*Interpoſing.*

L. *Man.* How, Sirrah! ſhan't I ſtrike her: you ſawcy Rogue, I'll fell you to the Ground.

Joh. Will you? I'll try that, [*Holds her Hands.*] Now ſtrike me to the Ground, can't you? Let's ſee you ſtrike me now. [*They ſtruggle.*

Let. What an unfortunate Diſcovery was this? To be caught juſt as we had agreed upon Articles: But, however, I don't fear him, for I know he will marry me now, if it be only to contradict his Mother ——— Dear Squire, don't anger my Lady ſo; Pray, Sir, let her go.

Joh. Why, if ſhe will be quiet, with all my Heart; I don't meggle with her. [*Lets go.*

L. *Man.* O! O! The Rogue has ſprain'd my Arms, I ſhall not be able to ſtir them this Twelve-month.

Joh. Look'e, Mother, I am ſorry for't, I did not deſign you any Harm, not I: But why ſhou'd you offer to ſtrike the poor Girl ſo?

L. *Man.* Sirrah, what's that to you, how dare you juſtify her?

Joh. Why, may be, I had a Kindneſs for her, what then? And, look you, Mother, to tell you the Truth, indeed I do think, you ought to be acquainted with

the

the Buſineſs ——— You muſt know, I deſign to marry her.

L. *Man.* Dare you tell me this to my Face, Sirrah?

Joh. Why, how ſhould I tell it you, behind your Back?

L. *Man.* Sirrah! How dare you think of ſuch a Thing! you Jack-a-napes!

Joh. Don't you call me Names, Mother; don't call me Names: But, if I do think on't, how can I help it? And pray why ſhou'd not I think on't as well as you: I ſuppoſe you thought of a Husband, and why ſhou'd not I think of a Wife? You have had your Swing already. I'cod my Father was no Flincher; was not I born of your Body, pray? And why ſhould not I get Some-body on Some-body's elſe Body?

L. *Man.* Was ever heard ſuch Impudence? Sirrah, I ſhall turn over a new Leaf with you. Your Governor will be here preſently, and he ſhall know what a wicked Rogue you are! I'll make him flea your Backſide for you.

Joh. I don't believe you will, and he meggles with me, I may chance to lay him on his Back, he flea my Backſide! he kiſs! ——— won't he?

L. *Man.* So, ſo, this is very fine Language!

Joh. Lettice, do you ſlip away into my Chamber, and I will come to you preſently. [*Aſide to* Lettice.

[*Ex.* Lettice.

Enter Father Benedict, *booted,* &c.

L. *Man.* O Father! I am glad you are come; your Pupil here, my Son *Johnny,* has been making Love to one of my impudent Maids; and tells me to my Face, he'll marry her, he won't go his Journey, not he!

F. *Ben.*

F. *Ben.* Leta me alone! leta me alone! come! come! Madam, 'tis better to give him de good vard ——— How you do, Young Gentleman! how you doe, me ſal be ver glad to ave de Care of you.

Joh. Ay, and you had beſt have a Care of me.

F. *Ben.* You no feara dat, dat is ver' well, now you be one good Shild ——— [*Pats him on the Head.*

Joh. What do you tap me o'th' Head for? [*Surlily.*

F. *Ben.* O'me loſe you, Maitre *Johnny*, me loſe you. [*Chucks him.*

Joh. Let my Chin alone, will you. [*Strikes away his Hand.*

F. *Ben.* Vat you mean, ſtrike a me! vat you mean, me ſal 'ave de Vip for you?

Joh. Who is that you'll have the Whip for, you Loggerhead you, who will you have the Whip for? ha! [*Doubling his Fiſt.*

F. *Ben.* Loggerhate, Jernie Bleu, vat is dat Loggerhate?

Joh. You may go look, it's ſuch a Fool as you are.

F. *Ben.* De Foole, a ha! me underſtanda dat ver well, you call a me de Fool, Humph.

Joh. Why, don't you hear I do, Dunderpate.

F. *Ben.* Dunderpate, Je vous prie, Madam, vat is dat, Dunderpate?

L. *Man.* A very ſcurrilous Name, Sir, won't you break his Head for't?

F. *Ben.* O, letta me alone, Madam, Ecoutes Maitre *Jeanny*, vat vill you ſay, if vor de Loggerhate, vor de Fool, and for de Dunderpate, me ſal give you one, two, tree Slaps of the Chops, Maitre *Jeanny*? Humph.

Joh. Why, I ſay, if you give me ſuch another Word, I may chance to wipe you croſs the Jaws.

F. *Ben.* Ver well, where is de Reverence you ave vor me Perſonne?

Joh.

Joh. O Lord, Sir, I do Sir-reverence your Perſon.

F. *Ben.* Allons, dan aska me de Pardon, aska me de Pardon.

Joh. Ask your Pardon, for what! For what! Can you tell, you Owl you? Ask your Pardon! ——— here, give the poor Boy his Hat; there, now I ask your Pardon. [*Strikes off his Hat and Perriwig, and diſcovers his Crown.*] A hey! what a Dickens have we got here? ———

F. *Ben.* Ad due Grandé Malheure, vat ſal me do? He a diſcover my Couronne.

L. *Man.* Undone, ruined, I ſhall never get the Rogue to go now.

Joh. Pray, Sir, what Trade are you? [*To the Prieſt.*

L. *Man.* He is no Trade, Sirrah; but a civil, ſober Gentleman, that I have prevailed with to be your Governor.

Joh. He my Governor! what, to make a Papiſt of me; look'e, Mother, as for Religion, d'ye ſee, I han't yet been taught much of any Sort: But, Adſ-ſuckers, this I know, that I won't be a Papiſt; it's a hard Caſe, if a Man muſt go to the Devil, he can't take it out in what ſort of Wickedneſs he pleaſes: For my part, I'll even go the Way of the Fleſh, I'm reſolv'd the Spirit ſhall not carry me; Odds Fleſh! I won't be Prieſt-ridden thither: Not but I believe this ſame Gentleman knows the Road as well as a *Dover* Poſt-Horſe. But I am not ſo hot upon that Journey, and ſo will pull off my Boots, d'ye ſee ——— Tall; lall, lall. [*Sits down and ſings.*

L. *Man.* You impudent young Raſcal, how dare you offer to pull off your Boots? Sirrah, I'll have your Bones broke; I'll make you change your Tune.

Joh. No, you ſhan't ——— *Toll, loll, loll.*

L. *Man.*

L. *Man.* You ſawcy Rogue, do you laugh in my Face, I'll whip your Eyes out.

[*Offers to take* Benedict's *Whip.*

F. *Ben.* No, trouble yourſelf, Madam, letta me alone; Allons: Put on your Boote, Maitre *Jeanny.*

Joh. Toll, loll, loll. [*Looking in his Face.*

F. *Ben.* Vat is dad, *Toll, toll, toll?* Me ſay put on your Boote. [*Cracks his Whip.*

Joh. Ay, it's no Matter for that ——— I won't change my Tune, toll, loll, loll.

L. *Man.* Hold, Father, don't be too ſevere; I find there is no dealing with him, we muſt even try what fair Words will do.

F. *Ben.* Ma Foy, Madam, me believe dat is de beſt Way.

L. *Man. Johnny*, my dear *Johnny*, don't be ſo wilful, prithee mind what I ſay to thee.

Joh. Why, ay, Mother ——— Now, your Note's alter'd, d'ye ſee, I don't care if I do change my Tune.

L. *Man.* Now, thou art a dear Child! come, that's my good Boy, prithee put on thy Boots again; ſee, here's Money for thee! Thou ſhalt have any Thing thou canſt ask for.

Joh. Say you ſo? I'cod, then I'll ſerve you a brave Trick! that Money will buy *Lettice* a pure Topping to her Wedding Cloaths, ——— Why, look'e, Mother, becauſe you give me good Words now, if you'll give me that Purſe now, d'ye ſee, and make Vather Bald-pate walk down Stairs, why, I'll put them on again.

L. *Man.* But will you promiſe me to go your Journey too?

Joh. Poh, I will, I tell you ——— why don't he go.

[*Sits down, putting them on.*

L. *Man.* Dear Father, don't let's croſs him in this good Humour, pray be gone.

F. *Ben*

F. *Ben.* With all mine Art, Madam, Maitre *Jeanny*, me be your ver Humble Servant. [*Exit.*

L. *Man.* Why doſt thou ſit upon the Floor, *Jeanny?*

Joh. Poh, what does it ſignify ——— where's the Purſe, Mother?

L. *Man.* That's my good Child, put on t'other Boot, and thou ſhalt have it.

Joh. Pſha! why, there it is; you ſee what 'tis to be civil to a Body —— ſo now give's the Money.

[*Faſtens her with a Piercer to the Floor.*

L. *Man.* Well, but will you promiſe to get on Horſe-back as ſoon as you have it?

Joh. What, d'ye think I wou'd tell you a Lie, Mother, and look you in the Face in this Manner?

L. *Man.* That's my dear Boy; there 'tis, to do what thou wilt with.

Joh. Toll, loll, loll.

[*Riſes, and pulls off his Boots again.*

L. *Man.* How, now! what does the Fool mean?

Joh. No Fool, no Fool, Mother.

L. *Man.* You wicked Villain, I'll—[*Finds herſelf faſt.*] Ha! what's here, Hark ye, Sirrah, Rogue, what's the Meaning of this?

Joh. That's becauſe you ſhou'd not follow me: Look'e, Mother, always tie a mad Bull to a Stake. Toll, loll ——— and there's my Tune again for you now, Toll, loll, loll, [*Exit Singing.*

L. *Man.* Was ever Woman plagu'd with ſuch a ſtubborn Raſcal! What ſhall I do? Oh! how the Rogue has rammed it in.———Who's within there? If I live, I'll be reveng'd! I'll marry the lewdeſt Fellow about Town; nay, the moſt notorious Rogue of a Lawyer; but, I'll keep his Eſtate from him.

———

Enter

Enter Servant.

Serv. Major *Rakish*, Madam, and his Son, desire to speak with you.

L. *Man.* They could not take me in a better Time, neither of them shall want Encouragement; here, prithee undo this.

Serv. O dear, Madam, this is Master *Johnny*'s Piercer.

L. *Man.* Where is the Rogue, did you see him?

Serv. Yes, Madam, he just now put *Lettice* into a Hackney-Coach.

L. *Man.* And did he go with her?

Serv. No, Madam, he's somewhere in the House.

L. *Man.* If he offers to go out, be sure you dog him, and bring me Word immediately ——— go, bid the Gentlemen walk up.

Serv. Yes, Madam.

Enter Major and Y. Rakish.

Maj. Madam, your most humble Servant; Odsbud! it's a Month since I kiss'd your Ladyship's Hand.

[*Offering towards her, and Y.* Rak. *steps before him.*

Y. *Ra.* It's an Age, Madam, since I did; therefore, as a longer absent Lover, ought to do it first.

L. *Man.* O dear, Sir, I'll swear you hurt me.

Y. *Ra.* Can there be Harm in such a tender Grasp of Love! Madam, your Charms bound like a rowling Deluge o'er my Soul, and stifle me in Excess of fond Desire. Ah! the very Pangs of Death are on me, I beat and struggle like a drowning Wretch for Life, and these my last Convulsions. ———

Maj. Humph! [*Aside.*

L. *Man.*

L. *Man.* Well, I really believe I might have Satisfaction enough in such a Husband, without considering the Pleasure of Revenge. [*Aside.*

Y. *Ra.* Will you make it Four Hundred, Sir? [*To the Major.*

Maj. Oons you Dog! I'll lay your Head upon both your Shoulders. [*Apart to Y. Ra.*

Y. *Ra.* O, take me to that healing Bosom! wrap me in the warm Folds of Love! Feed me with the Balmy Sweets that flourish there; give me new Life, and nurse me to an Infant Dotage.

L. *Man.* O! I shall faint! I am not able to contain myself.

Maj. Dacky, thou shalt have a Hundred Guineas, prithee let her alone, my dear Boy. [*To Y. Rak.*

Y. *Ra.* Where am I? sure, 'tis Elizium [*Starting back,*] for mortal Flesh could never feed so high; I surfeit with Delight! my Soul's all over Bliss! my ravish'd Senses ake with Pleasure, and I grow faint with gazing. [*Falls on her Bosom.*

L. *Man.* O, I die! I die! [*Aside.*

Maj. Dacky, my dear *Dacky*, thou shalt have Two Hundred Pound.

Y. *Ra.* Thus let us ever live! thus blest with one perpetual Round of circling Pleasure, still fainting with Excess of Love, and waking still to new reviving Joys.

Maj. Oouns! how the Rogue has dissolved her. [*Aside.*

Y. *Ra.* You see, Sir, what Posture my Affairs are in, nothing but full Four Hundred can forbid the Bans.

Maj. Say'st thou so, my little *Dacky*, then there lies your way down Stairs, [*Steps in between them, and draws.*] Sirrah, go, get you gone, Dog, go.

L. *Man.*

L. *Man.* Oh! for Heaven's Sake, what do you mean? [*Holds the Major.*

Y. *Ra.* Oh! don't be frightned, Madam; I'll tell you the Buſineſs——You muſt know, Madam, there is a young Lady here in the *Pall-Mall*, of a prodigious Fortune, whom, it ſeems, my Father poſitively deſigns I ſhall marry, or he will diſinherit me; and ſo let him, Madam, if he pleaſes: For my Part, I confeſs my Soul and Body, Madam, are intirely devoted to your Ladyſhip; and if I were to die upon the Spot, Madam, I ſolemnly declare, I would not renounce one Tittle of that eternal Paſſion I have avowed for your Ladyſhip's moſt indelible Perfections.

[*Bowes, and ogles.*

Maj. Ha! [*Aſtoniſh'd.*

L. *Man.* O fie, Sir, this is moſt inhuman, to force your only Son to marry one he can't love. Come, Sir, for my Sake ſpare him; pray put up your Sword.

Maj. Well, Madam, for your Sake, d'ye ſee, I——I will ſheath my Indignation: But may I never more hear the dear, dear Glug, Glug of a full Flask, if all this is not a notorious Lie, from Top to Bottom. But now, Madam, to the Buſineſs I came for; Look'e, Madam, if you and I make a Match, d'you ſee——you muſt expect every Ten Months, for the firſt Seven Years——Twins, Madam——I always get Twins; that Whelp's a Twin, Madam, and the Product of my Juvenile Recreations.

[*Y.* Ra. *makes Love in Dumb Shew behind his Back.*

L. *Man.* Let me die, but that is irreſiſtibly perſuaſive.

Maj. I am very proud, Madam, your Ladyſhip likes what I ſay to you.

L. *Man.* Well, Sir, I ſwear you have ſuch a Way, and ſuch a Son. [*Aſide.*

Maj.

Maj. Madam, I have Fifteen Hundred Pounds a Year clear Eſtate, no Children in the World but this Boy here; I ſhall drink him dead in a Fortnight, and then, Madam, after my Death, 'tis all your own for ever: How ſay you, Madam, do you like of it?

L. *Man.* Ay, Sir, but now let me hear your Son's Propoſals.

Maj. Pſha! a Beggar, a poor Dog, Madam.

Y. *Ra.* Madam, 'tis true, I have not one Groat in the World, have no Hopes of any thing, for the very Moment I marry you, I am ſure to be diſinherited: Madam, as a Friend, I beg you to believe this true, for I cou'd ſooner die than cheat you with a pretended Fortune. [*Kneels.*] But if the laſt Extremities of an humble Paſſion, have any Merit in the Eyes of Virtue, then ſhew your Pity here, and raiſe me with a kind reviving Hope.

Maj. What a Tongue the Dog has. [*Aſide.*

L. *Man.* O dear, Sir, pray riſe.

Maj. Pſha! Madam, Words, Words, mere Air! Odsbud, I have an Argument in my Pocket, that uſes to convince a Woman ſooner than all the Poetical Raptures in Chriſtendom: Look'e, Madam, the only certain Proof of a Man's Paſſion, is, when he parts with his Money; therefore, as an Earneſt of my Affection, give me Leave to lay theſe Four Hundred of the King's Faces at your Feet.

Y. *Ra.* Which, when you marry, Sir, you know, will be your own again.

Maj. Hold your Peace, Sirrah——There, Madam, diſpoſe of it as you pleaſe. [*Gives it into her Hand.*

L. *Man.* O dear, Major, this is an extravagant Piece of Gallantry——— Bleſs me! how heavy it is——— Pray, Sir, do me the Favour to hold it for me.

[*Gives it to Y.* Ra.

Y. *Ra.* Tum, dum. [*Learing on the Major, and ſinging.*

Maj. I muſt murder the Dog, I muſt murder him. [*Aſide.*] Oouns, Madam, I could have held it for you.

Y. *Ra.* But not ſo faſt as I ſhall; Tum, dum.

Maj. I was in Hopes, Madam, you would have made a better Uſe of the Money. [*Out of Humour.*

L. *Man.* O dear, Sir, can I expreſs my Concern for you a better Way, than by being kind to your Children?

Maj. Ay, Madam, but not to my Rival.

Y. *Ra.* So! this has pretty well convinc'd him my Intereſt is better than his, and now is my only Time to tell it him. [*Aſide*] Look you, Sir, if you'll give me Leave to ſpeak a Word or Two in private with this Lady, I will immediately convince you, that in her diſpoſing of this Money, ſhe had no other Conſideration than your Intereſt.

L. *Man.* What can he mean. [*Aſide.*

Maj. Why this might be done, *Dacky*, if I could but perſuade myſelf to truſt thee.

Y. *Ra.* Why, Sir, you ſhall not truſt me out of your Sight.

Maj Humph! ſay'ſt thou ſo, my little *Dacky?* Nay, then I do give the Leave.

Y. *Ra.* Madam, if you pleaſe. [*Takes her aſide.*

Enter Maſter Johnny *behind.*

Joh. So, *Lettice* is falſe enough now, and let 'em lock me up if they can.—— Hey day! who have we here? I find my Mother has a Colt's Tooth left yet; I warrant theſe are a Couple of Suitorors now; Icod, I will put in with them—Sir, your Servant. [*To the Major.*] What don't you know me?

Maj. Know thee, prithee who art thou?

Joh.

Joh. Who be I? Why, I be—— I be —— Icod I don't know what to tell him, not I——Why, I be Mother's Zon, don't'e ſee what I be?

Maj. Ay, my dear Lad, I ſee very plainly what thou art, but I want to know who thou art? Who is thy Father, Child?

Joh. Who? I've never a Father at all, but I believe I ſhall have ſhortly; for I ſee my Mother is there hard at work upon one.

Maj. How! thy Mother! why, is thy Name *Johnny?*

Joh. May be it is—what then;

Maj. Why then, very ſhortly, thou wilt be my Son-in-Law.

Joh. May be not— That's as I ſhall like you, may be!

Maj. Odsbud, you young Rogue, I'll buſs you into good Humour. [*Offers to kiſs him, he ſtruggles.*

Joh. Let me alone! be quiet, will ye! you ſhan't buſs me! Piſha! [*Spits*] what a Plague do you ſlaver me ſo for? You my Father-in-Law! yes, ſo you ſhall, Icod, I'll do your Buſineſs.

L. *Man.* Why really, Sir, if this be true, I muſt needs own, he is a very barbarous Man to uſe his only Son at this Rate; as far as I can ſerve you, by furthering this innocent Revenge, Sir, you may command me.

[*To.* Y. *Ra.*

Joh. Hark you, Mother.

L. *Man.* O you wicked Rogue! are you there?

Joh. Lord, don't ye be angry, Mother, I come to talk with you about Buſineſs.

Y. *Ra.* Oh! pray, Madam, give the young Gentleman Leave to ſpeak, however.

Joh. A good ſort of a civil Gentleman; I may chance to do him a Kindneſs for this; I'll aſſure you,

Sir, I will, if I can— I am good-natur'd enough when People are civil to me.

L. *Man* Well, what have you to ſay, Sirrah?

Joh. Say! why I underſtand that this old Soldier is a Suitoror to you, and (to tell you the Truth) I don't like him; he's a ſtrange hurly burly ſort of a Man; he has buſs'd and ſlaver'd me here, whether I would or no, and has prickl'd my Face till my Eyes are all of a Water.

L. *Man.* You ſawcy Rogue, is this your Buſineſs? Know then, Sirrah, that this Gentleman ſhall be your Father-in-Law, if he pleaſes: Come, Sir, if you dare truſt yourſelf with me, I have ſomething to propoſe to you from your Son, that very nearly concerns the Happineſs of us both.

Maj. Odsbud, Madam, you overjoy me! But has that dear Toad put in a Word for me at laſt then? Has he, *Ducky*? Thou dear Son of an unhappy Dog of a Father, buſs me, you Whelp; you dear Baſtard, buſs me— I will remember thee for this, my little *Ducky*, Odsbud I will. [*Exit with* L. *Man.*

Y. *Ra.* I ſhall give you Cauſe, I believe.

Joh. Lord, Sir, how can you let him ſlaver you ſo, don't it make your Noſe tingle? Odſniſh, he is gone away with my Mother too! Shall I fetch her back again, Sir? Icod, an' you ſay the Word, I'll do't.

Y. *Ra.* No, no, Squire, let him alone, he will be little the better for it— A good ſort of an impudent Face this young Dog has, he may be uſeful, I'll ſtrike in with him. [*Aſide.*

Joh. Pray, Sir, ben't you a Suitoror to my Mother?

Y. *Ra.* Ay, Squire, what do you think of me for a Father-in-Law?

Joh. Icod, I like you very well, better by half than that old Soldier: What a Duce do you let him take her aſide ſo for?

Y. *Ra.*

Y. *Ra.* Oh! it's a Deſign I have in my Head, Squire.

Joh. Ay, Sir, but do you know what Deſign ſhe may have in her Head? Look'e, Sir, I mean you well, I would not have you truſt her too far neither——— Odsfleſh! you don't know her——— Sir, you don't know her.

Y. *Ra.* Well, Squire, I'm oblig'd to you for your good Meaning; and in Return, will acquaint you with my Deſign upon the old Soldier.

Joh. Ay!

Y. *Ra.* You muſt know then———

Joh. But hark'e, Sir, by the Way, who is that old Soldier?

Y. *Ra.* Only my Father, Sir.

Joh. How! how! Icod, then I find you care no more for your Father, than I do for my Mother. Well, Sir——— but pray go on.

Y. *Ra.* About an Hour hence, Squire, I ſhall privately marry your Mother, who, in the mean time, by my Allowance, is to flatter the old Gentleman with the ſame Hopes, and (to revenge a ſevere Quarrel I have with him) is to appoint him a Meeting, (juſt when our Marriage is over) at a Friend's Houſe of mine, where I ſhall have a publick Opportunity to laugh at his Diſappointment, and invite him to my Wedding Supper.

Joh. Icod, that's well enough: O dear, Sir, ſhall I not beg the Favour of you to get the Parſon to do me a ſmall Job too? Odd, I have a tight young Girl here hard by, that I have a main Mind to be married to—— Sir, won't you ſpeak a Word to him to tack us together a little?

Y. *Ra.* How, Squire, to tack you together! whom have you adviſed with in this Buſineſs? Who is it you have a Mind to marry? Are you ſure ſhe's fit for a Wife?

Joh. I don't know, Sir, but I'm ſure ſhe's fit for a Husband.

Y. *Ra.* Ha! Egad, there can be no Harm in tying the young Rogue of a Slip-knot: This was a lucky Diſcovery; ſomething may be made on't. [*Aſide.*] Well, Squire, I'll do all I can to ſerve you.

Joh. O dear, Sir, I am mainly oblig'd to you.

Y. *Ra.* Nay, I won't only lend you my Parſon, but my Money, nay, my very Cloaths; egad, I'll make a Gentleman of thee.

Joh. Will you, Sir? O law! [*Overjoy'd.*] Icod, then my Mother ſhall make a Fool of me no longer — Sir, as I hope to be married, I had rather call you Vather-in-Law, than any Man in Chriſtendom.

Y. *Ra.* Pſha! Pox! I'll be Brother to thee, Man; call me honeſt *Jack.* [*Hugs him.*] We'll ſmoak, and whore, and roar, and take a Bottle together.

Joh. Is your Name *John?* Why, Sir, my Name's *John* too: Adzooks, that's brave; honeſt *John*, how doſt do? Damme! [*Struts.*

Y. *Ra.* Why that's well ſaid, Boy; egad, thou ſwear'ſt like a Gentleman already — Come, my little Rake, now let's take one chearing Flask, before the Parſon does his Buſineſs; then get drunk, break Windoes, maul the Watch, and bed our new-married Wives in the Round-houſe.

Joh. Ha Boys! gad gramercy, Brother-Father-in Law. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, Friendly's *Lodgings.*

Enter Friendly *and Young* Rakish.

Fr. WELL, Dear *Jack*, what Succeſs? What have you done with the old Gentleman?

Y. *Ra.* Oh! routed him Horſe and Foot, *Ecce ſignum!* Here's the Golden Plunder, Boy! I did his Buſineſs the firſt Onſet; beat him clearly out of the Fort of the Lady's Favour, and made him pay four hundred Pieces Contribution, before I delivered her up into his Hands again?

Fr. And have you done it?

Y. *Ra.* For aught he knows I have; but by what I know, I have not: In ſhort, I neither deſign to quit or keep the Lady any longer than ſhe ſerves my Turn.

Fr. How ſo, Man?

Y. *Ra.* Nay, I won't tell you my Plot before-hand: For, here they come, and the Farce is going to begin; pray, obſerve us —— You'll ſtand by me upon Occaſion.

Fr. O, you may depend upon me.

Enter Major and Lady Manlove.

Maj. Ah! my little *Ned!* wiſh me Joy, wiſh me Joy, Lad!

Fr. Joy! of what, Major?

Maj. The Joy of all Joys, Boy: Here's a beautiful Lady, Sirrah, is going to give me Fifteen Hundred Pounds a Year to be her Bed-fellow.

Fri. Very good Pay, I wiſh your Service may be able to deſerve it.

Maj. Able, Sir! I'd have you to know, I am as young as ever; let me lay my Hand upon the Main, Sir, you'll find I can jump into the Saddle ſtill.

Fri. I'm glad to ſee your Layſhip here, Madam.

L. *Man.* Dear Mr. *Friendly*, I am your moſt humble Servant; tho', I dare ſwear, you little expected it upon ſo important an Occaſion.

Fri. Mayn't we know the Occaſion, Madam?

L. *Man.* I vow, Sir, it's ſuch a critical Point, I don't know whether my Modeſty will be able to go through with the Diſcovery.

Y. *Ra.* If you pleaſe to give Leave, Madam, I'll help you out a little.

Maj. Ay, ay, tell him, my little *Dacky.*

Y. *Ra.* Well, Sir, not to keep you any longer in Suſpence, the Short of the Buſineſs is this: This noble Lady here, generouſly conſidering my Sufferings, under the Tyranny of an unnatural Father; and being ſenſible, that by Reaſon of my indefatigable Love to her, I was in a perpetual Danger of being diſinherited, has, out of her abundant Goodneſs, pioufly conſented to revenge me of the ſaid unnatural Father, by this publick Diſappointment of his Hopes: Having (to his utter Confuſion) already taken to her loving Husband, the indi-

individual Perſon of me his lawfully begotten Son—— *John Rakiſh.*

Maj. Humph! what is all this? Do you know, Madam, what the Devil is it?

L. *Man.* All Truth, Sir, to my Knowledge; the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth: So take me *John Rakiſh.* [*Gives him her Hand.*

Maj. Ouns and Hell! I'll chine the Dog to the Navel. [*Draws.*

Fr. Not in my Houſe, I beſeech you, Major.

Maj. Prithee, dear *Ned*, let me come at him; oh! he's a bitter Dog, I can't bear him.

[*Trembling with Paſſion.*

Fri. Pho! prithee be pacified; if he muſt be run thro' the Guts, he'll deſerve it an Hour hence as well as now: Beſides, I would have you hear what he can ſay for himſelf; you know he does not uſe to be Tongue-ty'd upon theſe Occaſions.

Maj. Odsbud! and that's true, my little *Neddy!* I will hear the Dog, I will hear him; and if I am trick'd, I'm ſatisfy'd I ſhall have the Pleaſure of half a Dozen rare impudent Faces from the unrighteous Baſtard, to back his Roguery howe'er ——— Come hither, *Dacky.*

Y. *Ra.* Well, Sir.

Maj. Ay, that's the Look; hark you, Iron-Face, art thou not a perjured Rogue? Doſt thou not expect to be ſplit, and broil'd upon the Devil's Grid-iron.

Y. *Ra.* I don't apprehend you, Sir.

Maj. Did'ſt thou not promiſe, Dog, to renounce all Claim to that Lady, provided, I would quit my Title to the Four Hundred Pound?

Y. *Ra.* Ay, Sir, but I conſidered four hundred Pound was Money; and one had better break one's Word, than a good Sum; and I thought it would be

more profitable to marry the Lady myſelf, and not to part with neither; I know, from your own Example, Sir, you won't blame me for good Husbandry.

Maj. Oh! not in the leaſt, my dear Hell-Face! thou haſt obliged me to the laſt Degree, by marrying this Lady; here, I can do no leſs than ſettle my Eſtate upon thee, which thou ſhalt have with a Vengeance; that is to ſay, I will inſtantly make Love to her Daughter, offer her my whole Eſtate for a Jointure, cut off the Entail, get a whole Litter of Children, and diſinherit you, you Dog.

Y. *Ra.* Look'e, Sir, there I forbid the Banns, this Lady's Daughter is now mine, and I will not have my Family diſgrac'd, by admitting ſuch a notorious Rake-hell for my Son-in-Law: In ſhort, your Pretences are utterly againſt my Conſent, and I poſitively declare you ſhall never have my Bleſſing.

Maj. What a croſs old Fellow is this now? Oons! I'd give five thouſand Pounds to make the Whelp my Father-in-Law.

Y. *Ra.* Come, come, Sir, for a great deal leſs Money you ſhall make this Lady my Mother-in-Law.

Maj. Ha! ſay'ſt thou ſo, my little *Dacky?* Why, art not married? ha! ſpeak.

Y. *Ra.* So far from it, Sir, that upon Condition you will immediately ſign this Paper, which will entitle me to four hundred Pounds a Year during Life, and at your Deceaſe to the reſt of your Eſtate, I am willing this Moment to ſhow myſelf an obedient Son, and reſign you the Lady.

L. *Man.* Baſe Man! you won't offer to ſell me?

[*Offers to interrupt him, he keeps her off.*

Y. *Ra.* Don't you trouble yourſelf, Madam, I warrant you; and to ſatisfy you that my Meaning's honeſt, the Writing is ſo drawn, that unleſs you actually

tually do marry the Lady, you're not obliged to give me a Groat.

Maj. Say'ſt thou ſo, my little *Dacky.*

[*Peruſes the Paper.*

L. *Man.* Audacious Villain! have you ſerv'd me thus? I will be reveng'd, tho' I — here, Major, [*Gives him her Hand*] upon Condition, you'll never give that Villain a Groat, I will marry you this very Moment, and ſave you the Money; nay, do but engage to diſinherit him before To-morrow Morning, and I here immediately promiſe you ſix thouſand Pounds in ready Gold and Jewels, to ſatisfy any Extravagance you ſhall think fit.

Y. *Ra.* So!

Maj. Diſinherit him! Odsbud, your Ladyſhip's too merciful, an audacious Rogue! to think I cou'd be ſuch a Villain to wrong a Lady, Madam, of your unſpotted Virtue. Ounds! I never heard ſuch an impudent Propoſal ſince I was born, Madam; if he were at the Gallows, with the Knot under his Left Ear; nay, if the Word were given for the Cart to drive away, Blood and Brimſtone! I would not part with Eighteen-pence to reprieve him.

L. *Man.* On that Condition I am entirely yours.

Maj. Ouns! Madam, I'll ruin him within this half Hour, I'll drive Revenge quite through his Soul; nay, I'll ſend for the two Beggar-makers of the Nation, the Prieſt and the Lawyer, and make them clinch it on the other Side.

Fr. What the Devil ſhall we do now, *Jack?* was there ever ſuch a Diſappointment?

Y. *Ra.* Faith, *Ned*, ſhe has Out-trump'd me, that's the Truth on't, but I can't loſe all, Man, I have Pam in my Hand ſtill.

Fr. What do you mean?

Y. *Ra.* Her Son, her Son, Boy! the Rogue has chosen me for his Guardian; he will be here presently; I'll manage him to fetch her about, I'll warrant you.

Fr. Igad, that's lucky; I am glad you are sure of a Trick to save yourself at last; in the mean time, *Jack*, try what a Court Card will do; play your Impudence upon them.

Y. *Ra.* Mum!

L. *Man.* Now, Devil, I am reveng'd of you.

Y. *Ra.* I fancy not, Madam, ——— I suppose your Ladyship does not know that these are the Writings of your Son *Johnny*'s Estate, by him the said *John* this very Day stolen out of your Cabinet; which, because I am his Guardian, I will thus re-put into my Pocket.

L. *Man.* Monster! You his Guardian!

Y. *Ra.* At your Service, Madam.

L. *Man.* You dare not tell me so!

Y. *Ra.* O! I have a great deal more to tell you, Madam; I must have a thousand Pound out of your Hands To-morrow Morning, to put him and his Wife into a handsome Equipage.

L. *Man.* His Wife!

Y. *Ra.* His Wife, Madam; she has had as good an Education, as your Ladyship's Service could afford. ——*Lettice*, I think her Name is.

L. *Man.* Undone! Undone!

Maj. Ha! Madam, what's the Matter now?

L. *Man.* Oh! my Child's ruin'd for ever.

Y. *Ra.* That's as you please, Madam.

L. *Man.* What says the Monster?

Y. *Ra.* That your Son, Madam, shall not be ruin'd, provided you will promise me not to marry that old Fellow, unless he signs my Settlement. In short, Madam, upon that Condition, I will not only re-

sign

ſign your Son and his Fortune into your Hands again: But, I will likewiſe engage to find a lawful Expedient to diſannul his Marriage; which, if you don't immediately comply with me, ſhall be an eternal Secret; ſo ev'n let him ſquander away his Eſtate as he pleaſes, I'll make a Shift to glean a handſome Livelihood out on't, I warrant you.

Fr. Nay, Madam, this is a very generous Propoſal; now, if your Son's ruin'd, you're the Occaſion of it.

L. *Man.* Sir, I beſeech you, don't name it: I'll not believe a Word he ſays, I dare ſwear this is all a Sham, a poor Pretence, only to get his Ends of me.

Maj. Nouns! Madam, you have nick'd it: But, if it were true, let me alone to manage him; I know him by Experience. Why, the Dog had the Impudence t'other Day to ask me to lend him Fifty Pounds; and in leſs than a Quarter of an Hour, I brought him down to Three and Six-pence.

L. *Man.* No, Devil, I ſhall hear of nothing but Revenge.

Y. *Ra.* Nay then, Madam, 'tis time for me to provide for myſelf; here comes one I am ſure will ſtand by me.

Enter Johnny *with* Lettice, *and one in a Parſon's Habit.*

Joh. Toll, loll, loll! a Hey! where's Brother-Father-in-Law? [*Singing.*

Y. *Ra.* Ha! my little Imp of Lewdneſs! how doſt thou?

Joh. How do I? why, I'm married, Boy! How ſhou'd I do?

Y. *Ra.* Give you Joy, Madam. [*Saluting* Lettice.

L. *Man.* What do I ſee? Undone! Undone!

Maj. Hum! The Prieſt there too; nay, then Miſchief is not far off. [*Aſide.*

Joh.

Joh. Well, but hark'e *John*, how do my Mother and you agree? What, ben't you married yet?

Y. *Ra.* O dear Squire! no, nor am I like to be; ſhe is juſt going to be married to my Father.

Joh. Odsfleſh! I thought as much; did not I tell you, you did not know her? Did not I tell you ſo? Look'e *John*, there are two Things ſhe never kept in her Life, and that is a Faſt-Day and a Promiſe; to my certain Knowledge her Word is but Wind, and Icod ſhe no more values to break one than t'other.

Y. *Ra.* Well, Squire, it ſhall never trouble me, as long as I ſuffer upon your Account; for to tell you the Truth, the real Occaſion of her Diſcarding me, was my friendly Promotion of your Marriage: But, there's a very eaſy Way to reward my Service, which is, that upon Condition my Father will ſign this Writing, you will generouſly condeſcend to chuſe him for your Guardian.

Joh. I'll do't, an't were ten Times more to ſerve you; let's ſee the Writing, I'll do't Icod.

Y. *Ra.* There, Sir. [*Gives them to him.*

Joh. Look'e, Sir, —— You —— Mr. —— Mr. *John*'s Vather here; I don't know what your Name is, not I; but if you think fit, d'ye ſee, to ſign this Paper, I'll make you my Guardian —— That's all I have to ſay to you: —— So take and look it over.

Maj. Let's ſee, my dear Lad.

Y. *Ra.* Madam, I am ſenſible a Word from you wou'd finiſh the Buſineſs; if you will ſtand my Friend, I am ſtill ready to diſannul your Son's Marriage. [*Aſide to L.* Manlove.

L. *Man.*

L. *Man.* Alas! Heaven knows, I would do it, were there but a Poſſibility of your making your Words true.

Y. *Ra.* Madam, this Gentleman's Word and Honour ſhall be your Security.

Fr. Madam, I'll engage for him.

L. *Man.* Well, I find it is in vain to contend with him; therefore, dear Major, ſign it immediately, and from this Moment, all I have is yours.

Maj. O Madam! a Word from you would make me do Ten Times more. [*Signs it.*] There, *Ned*, you are obliged to ſee him perform Articles; if he keeps his Word, much good may it do him.

Y. *Ra.* Come, Squire, are you contented this Gentleman ſhall marry your Mother, and be your Guardian?

Joh. Yes I be; and ſo let him take my Writings — and pray don't ye cheat me now; it's for *John*'s Sake, I tell you that ———

Y. *Ra.* Madam, now to diſſipate your Fears: In one Word, I muſt tell you, that your Son *John* here, my Brother Elect, is not married.

L. *Man.* How, not married! You over-joy me, Sir; Make it appear, and you ſhall never want a Friend of me.

Joh. What a Devil makes you raiſe ſuch a Lye now?

Y. *Ra.* Prithee, dear Squire, don't interrupt us.

Joh. I will terrupt you then; what do you ſhove me for? I be married, ſo I be; yes I be, I be.

Y. *Ra.* Silence! Come, Mrs. *Lettice*, pray ſatisfy my Lady, and this good Company, concerning your ſuppos'd Marriage with this young Gentleman.

Joh. Ay, ay, do let her ſpeak, with all my Heart; ſee who will prove the Lyar, Mr. *John*.

Lett. Well, Squire, ſince I muſt ſpeak then, I declare before my Lady and this good Company, that I neither am your Wife, nor ever will be.

Y. *Ra.*

Y. *Ra.* Now, Squire, what ſay you?

Job. I ſay ſhe lies——ſhe is my Wife, and you know it well enough, and the Parſon knows it too: What a Rope did I give him Two Crown-pieces for?

Maj. Nouns! I don't know what to make of this Buſineſs; one ſays Ay, and t'other ſays No——Prithee, dear *Domine*, put us out of our Pain: Come, anſwer to the Queſtion, Are they married or not?

Foot. I muſt confeſs, Sir, at my Maſter's Requeſt, I did mumble over a Parcel of Words, that ſatisfied the young Squire, as well as if they had been Canonical: But to convince you that it was not in my Power to do him any Injury that Way, I am no Parſon, but your Worſhip's humble Servant and Footman, *Tom Skipkennel.* [*Throws off his Gown.*

Y. *Ra.* Truſty *Tom*, at your Service, Madam.

L. *Man.* Well, dear Sir, this was kindly done of you.

Lett. Madam, I beg your Ladyſhip's Pardon: I muſt confeſs I had like to have married my young Maſter; but Mr. *Rakiſh* ſoon convinc'd me, what an uneaſy Life I muſt have expected from your Ladyſhip and the reſt of his Relations: But to ſatisfy you, Madam, that I never intend to have any Thoughts of him as long as I live, Mr. *Rakiſh* has been pleaſed to give me his Bond, to pay me Thirty Pounds a Year during Life, provided I immediately leave the Town, and go and live with my Friends in the Country; which I faithfully promiſe your Ladyſhip to perform To-morrow Morning; and ſo, dear Squire, pray wiſh me a good Journey, as I do you a better Wife, and many happy Days.

Job. What will you leave me now? Are theſe your Tricks? Pray give me my Purſe again, ſince you won't marry me, young Gentlewoman! You ſhall have

have no fine Cloathies, I'll tell you that; give me my Purſe, will ye.

L. *Man.* Sirrah, let her alone; that Purſe you purloin'd from me, and ſhe ſhall keep it: Nay, to reward her Honeſty, I'll preſent her with this Ring, as an Earneſt of my future Kindneſs.

Lett. I humbly thank your Ladyſhip.

Joh. What! and ſo I am to be cheated out of my Money too: This is a long of you, Mr. *John.*

Y. *Ra.* Come, come, Squire, don't be troubled; when you want Money, come to me: In the mean time, hark in your Ear, I have a pretty young Wench in my Eye for you —— ſhe will be in Tawn in two or three Days —— Mum!

Joh. Pſha! what do I care for a Wench, if I can't have her when I have a Mind to it! Ad, I thought to have had ſuch a Night on't now! and now the Parſon has ſaid Grace, you tell me I ſhall go to Dinner a Month hence.

Y. *Ra.* Why then, to ſtay your Stomach, go with me to the laſt Act of the Play, and I'll ſhow you one that never deny'd a Man twice in her Life.

Joh. Ay, ſo you ſay! but I warrant ſhe will pull me by the Hair, if I offer to meggle with her.

Y. *Ra.* Come, come, I'll ſtand your Friend; obſerve what I ſay to your Mother————Madam, your Son is ſenſible of his Error, and deſires your Ladyſhip will take him into Favour again; from this time he has promiſed never to diſobey you.

Joh. No, no more I won't indeed, Mother, if you will but let me go with Mr. *John* to ſee the Play To-Night.

L. *Man.* Well, be obedient for the future, and no reaſonable Freedom ſhall be denied you.

Joh. Oh, Lord! thank you, dear Mother; I am glad

glad we are Friends again: Lord! I am ſo glad! won't ye buſs me, Mother? [*Kiſſes her.*

Y. *Ra.* So, now I hope we are all Friends.

Fr. Well, Major, are you ſatisfied that your Son has perform'd his Articles? Shall I deliver him the Writing?

Maj. Why the Dog has done ſomething for't, that's the Truth on't; though I will lay Fifty Pound, I have Seven to Four upon't before To-morrow Morning.

Y. *Ra.* Well, Sir, I wiſh you Joy, and thank you for my Settlement; tho' it's an Hundred to One, the World will think you have given it me, becauſe you could not help it.

Maj. Ay, and I warrant, *Dacky*, they will be apt to ſay too, that thou art as well ſatisfy'd, as if I had given it thee with a Good-will.

Y. *Ra.* Ay, People will out with their bold Truths now and then: You ſee, Sir, the ſtrange Power of a little Money; but now it's very probable you and I may be good Friends as long as we live: But when old Gentlemen expect their Sons ſhou'd love them heartily, without an hearty Allowance, it's a Sign they have more Money than Wiſdom: Where Fathers are cloſe-fiſted, and think the Want

Of Worldly Bleſſing does their Sons no Wrong,
Thoſe Sons will think ſuch Fathers live too long.

[Exeunt.

FINIS.

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